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OLD BEAR CAMP
RICHMOND, N. C.

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ARCHIVES
SACRED HEART CONVENT
BELMONT, NORTH CAROLINA 28012

GRADATIM

ANNUAL PUBLICATION

OF THE

ARCHIVES
SISTERS OF MERCY
BELMONT, NORTH CAROLINA

SENIOR CLASS

OF

SACRED HEART ACADEMY

BELMONT, N. C.

VOLUME I

1933

GRADATIM

Hoc verbum, quid significat? Nunc nos videamus.
Cernimus id quod nobis optimum in annua saecula
Temporaque aetatis nostrae. Excelsas ad eas res
Nobis auxiliabitur. Est modus omnibus huius
Vitae rebus, ut is quondam dixit notus altus
Flaccus Romanus. Sit semper sic quoque nobis.



To

THE RT. REV. VINCENT G. TAYLOR, O. S. B., D. D.
ABBOT-ORDINARY OF BELMONT ABBEY NULLIUS

We

THE CLASS OF '33

Dedicate

THE "GRADATIM"

The first fruit of our love for our

ALMA MATER

With hearts filled with gratitude for
kindly guidance and direction, and with
minds filled with memories of inspiring
ideals taught from afar, we humbly lay
this, the first volume, at his feet
and beg his blessing.

The Clergy

Our Spiritual Shepherds



V. Rev. Thomas Oestreich, O. S. B.
(Ecclesiastical Superior)



Rev. Augustine Aylward, C. S. S. R.
Retreat Master



V. Rev. Alphonse Buss, O. S. B.
Chaplain



REV. CHARLES KASTNER, O. S. B.

Perhaps no one person on the "outside" has been and is so closely connected with Sacred Heart Academy as "Father Charles." His work as a musician in a largely non-Catholic state is probably the most varied. He preaches every Sunday in the parish church of which he is the pastor; he sponsors a regular program over the radio, and he spreads love and appreciation of "Christ's Mass" all over the south, through his beautiful moving picture and instructive talks.

Father Charles is loved by and is an inspiration to everyone at Sacred Heart Academy and Convent. He has and does provide the students many hours of enjoyment by trips in his bus—the same bus in which he daily transports children to and from school. His route covers a course of some sixty miles. He is always willing to assist the Sisters in any of their projects.

The graduating class of '33, publishers of *The Gradatim*, takes this opportunity to express the appreciation of Sacred Heart Academy to Father Charles for all his kindness—with the thought in mind that God will bless him for his goodness and inspire him in his work.

The Faculty

Their silent self-effacement and faithfulness as teachers combined with discipline and sincere counsel have resulted in the culmination of ideals both spiritual and scholastic. Under their prudent guidance, so earnestly and gratuitously bestowed upon us, we have learned not only the ways of the world, but have obtained a finer appreciation of the higher things in this life.

To those who "sing His mercies," we extend our heart-felt gratitude for their two-fold gifts, spiritual and temporal, which they have so generously rendered us both by example and instruction.

—Vivian Frierson

Red or White?

Dedicated To Our Parents

Were I adorning Mary's shrine
To have it fair for Mothers' Day
I'd say: "White or red, Mother mine,
To greet thee on thy festal day?"
For, red's for life and red's for love
But white's for thine own purity—
What color for thy Mother love
Or red, or white—which shall it be?

Then I'd remember that His lips
Were red when first she held Him close
But her's were pale when Egypt's night
Enveloped them—safe from their foes
Love made her lily-white, indeed,
Full often in the meagre years
The holy Three were sore in need
And Mother-eyes had known of tears.

But Love was red on Calvary's height
When He—her Joy—was crucified:
Yet Mother Mary's cheek was white
When she beheld the flowing tide;
And He, Whose red lips oft she pressed
Was whiter than the drifted snow,
Yet, as she held Him to her breast
His open wounds gave crimson glow.

"So bring me white and bring me red."
I think I'd say, "for Mary's shrine,"
For Love is white and love is red,
And both must her fair brow entwine;
But if—suppose I had to choose
Not both but one, which would be right
The blushing or the virgin rose?
I know, I know, I'd bring her WHITE.

—Class of '33

Gradatim Staff



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Margaret Middleton
Business Manager—Teresa Doyle

Ode To The Class of '33

'Tis come at last, and now upon our minds
This simple truth is stressed: that nothing is
As great and beautiful as when 'tis seen
A mental vision, mirrored in the mind.
Four years ago this day was but a dream,
A tempting prize, that ever led us on.
And so to us at times when we would fain
Spend heedlessly the hours that should be given
To serious work, our rebel hearts and minds
We're ever soothed by dwelling on this day.

O Alma Mater! you to us are dear,
For we to you are bound by ties of love,
A love that flourished not on joy alone
For often have our spirits chafed at rules
That for our good restrained impetuous souls.
And now, O Convent School, we beg of you
Forget us not, with pride remember us
The Class of Thirty-Three. We will be true,
Our hearts and spirits will be e'er with you.

The Graduates of '33



TERESA DOYLE, SAVANNAH, GA.

"Dolly"

"With malice toward none, with charity for all."—Lincoln.

Teresa has mixed mirth and studies at the Academy since "way back." Wherever fun and joviality prevail, you will find this "Dolly" from "Jawja." We speculate as to her future, but we stand convinced hers will be a happy life.

Sodality (4); Business Manager of Magnet and Gradatim Staff; Debating Society (3). Bridge Club. Basket Ball (1) (2) (3) (4).

GERTRUDE FIELD, BOSTON, MASS.

"Gert"

"Who mixed reason with pleasure, and wisdom with mirth."—Goldsmith.

Gertrude has been at the Academy since she was a very little girl. She possesses a wonderful disposition, and has high ambitions. "Gert" is the biggest tease in the school, and affords many hours of pleasure for the students. Her literary ability has been recognized by her work in the Gradatim and Magnet.

Sodality (4); Editor-in-Chief of the Magnet and Gradatim; Debating Society (3) (4); Bridge Club; Basket Ball (1) (2) (3) (4).





KATHERINE FORD, BELMONT, N. C.

"Katherine"

"True Humility, the highest virtue, the mother of them all."—Tennyson.

Katherine is the S. H. A. "Sphinx," but her interests in the Academy, make her a favorite with the Sisters and students. Being a "town girl" Katherine has had opportunities to befriend all of us. She is uncertain as to her future, but we wish her the best of luck on whatever road she may travel.

Sodality (4); Class Secretary; Gradatim Staff; Debating Society (3) (4); Bridge Club.

VIVIAN FRIERSON, SAVANNAH, GA.

"Little Viv"

"Yet do I fear thy nature; It is too full of the milk of human kindness."—Shakespeare.

"Viv" entered S. H. A. as a Freshman. Besides being a good student Vivian has been active in the social and athletic achievements of the school. We wish her the best of luck in all her undertakings.

Sodality (4); Gradatim Staff; Magnet Staff; Debating Society (3) (4); Bridge Club; Basketball (1) (2) (3) (4).





MARIE SASEEN, SAVANNAH, GA.

"Sassy"

"As prone to mischief, as able to perform it."
—Shakespeare.

Judging from her "Social Listings," Marie is the social queen of the Academy. Marie is the sort who, when it is time to laugh, laughs out loud. "Sassy" is a typical S. H. A. girl, despite the many things she is accused of, and we will miss her.

Sodality (4); Class President; Gradatim Staff; Magnet Staff; Debating Society (3) (4); Basket Ball (1) (2) (3) (4).

HAIL MARY

H—oping to reign on high with thee
A—id us, O Mary, Star of the Sea;
I—nflame our hearts to love thee more,
L—ead us to God whom we adore.

M—other dear, both kind and true,
A—re we not of the chosen few?
R—eceive us then in thy embrace,
Y—ield to us in Heaven a place.

(The above lines were composed by the oldest Sister, not only in the Community, but in the State.)

Haledictory

Today, I am moody. The bewitching strains of an old song are running riot through my memory. Mother used to sing that song 'way back in my cradle days. I must pause to listen. "When You Come to the End of a Perfect Day." That's enough. The other words are gone beyond recall. And, I'm not sorry. The opening words are the "Open Sesame" to my mood. I have come to the end of a perfect school career. This morning marks that end. I am graduating now. The Sacred Heart Academy has just admitted me to its Alumnae. In my hand I hold its diploma. Gone are my school days. Am I glad or am I sad? A scrutiny of my conscious state would reveal lots of gladness and heaps of sadness. A tear and a smile express themselves in the eyes of my soul.

Today, my last day in school, marks the beginning of an individual life of responsibility. Today I begin to "Paddle my own canoe." No Sisters to keep me, to direct me, to encourage. I'm "on my own." Doubts as to my ability, hesitations as to my courage, questions as to my determination are persistent now, and tend to sadden a "wee bit" my perfect day. Today, my graduation day, marks the end of delightful associations with the undergraduates, the end of loving companionships with my classmates, the end of sacred friendships with my teachers and the end of a happy life at the Academy. Who is there to chide me for harboring the saddening tear?

But the tear is not dominant. A smile radiates from my soul. Why not? Today I am celebrating my triumph. I have won a diploma. To me it is a booty without price. Just think, the good Sisters have judged me worthy to be numbered among their graduates. Blame not my smile. Nay, rather smile with me. I've won.

But I must confess to the sin of selfishness in harboring this mood. "Big I" it has been—all the way through. Perhaps I have left you under the impression that this event is my own personal triumph. Be disabused, please, and pardon my egotism.

It is true that I am a graduate, but I am just one—perhaps the least deserving of the class. And I am speaking now not to sing MY praises nor to weep MY tears, but as a representative of the class. I have been chosen by them to say "Goodbye." Maybe they are thinking and feeling in unison with me. They, too, are harboring tears and smiles. They, too, hear "The End of a Perfect Day."

But I must hasten to do their bidding. The "Farewells" must be said:

To you, undergraduates—to you we leave the torch. Be it yours to hold on high—not for yourselves and not for Sacred Heart Academy, but for the honor and glory of God. Our years of association with you have indeed been happy ones. We beg of you, catch the strains of that song which pervading our hearts, so that when your day comes, your day too, will have a happy ending. We bid you farewell.

Dear Sisters of Mercy, under whose loving care we have been the past four years—the memory of you will always be sacred. In bidding you goodbye, we hesitate to thank you for the patience, justice, and love you have always given us. May we, dear classmates, carry their lessons all through life. To you, dear Sisters, we do say “Thank You” and “Goodbye.”

Classmates, I have done your bidding. Thank you for having selected me to voice your farewells. Now, we have our own “Goodbyes” to say. The tear increases, the smile diminishes. Let us be brief. Words aggravate the pain. At the end of this perfect day, let's kiss and pray,—God bless us all—Farewell!

—Gertrude Field



With arms outstretched you welcomed us,
When we came to S. H. A.
Oh bless us now, dear Sacred Heart!
Ere from here we go away.

Concerning Us

There is a certain passage in Cicero's memorable "De Senectute" which, in our language, means "Men on reaching the peak of their accomplishments, love to sit back and tell of the ways they managed their good fortune." Then again, from Shakespeare, we could offer the phrase, "The evil that men do lives after them." We feel that these two phrases are necessary to carry out a real description of the life of this year's graduating class. We, having reached the zenith of our educational existence, take the liberty of "doing as the Romans did," and offer these few facts about the Class of '33.

September, 1929, found us Freshmen at Sacred Heart Academy. We took on all the vanities of a "Freshie." We were constantly wondering who was looking at us; whether we could pass for eighteen at next summer's dances; and wondering too, what could be the use of History, Latin, French and Spanish. The year passed quickly, too quickly, and we were home again for the summer vacation.

The following September found us once more in the halls of the Academy. There were stories to be told—about vacation. A few of us found that we could NOT pass as eighteen. The previous spirit of "Sophistication, where art thou" was joined with a spirit known to educational psychologists as "Sophomoritis." We broadened on the subjects we had become initiated to the year before. About May, a few of us who were inclined to be serious-minded started thinking that everything in this world is not make believe—that there are a few realities to be faced—but June came too soon and no good came of those serious thoughts.

Our Junior year was our most beneficial. We learned more about books and we learned more about life. We proved "the square on the hypotenuse equals the sum of the squares of the other two sides"—this we learned to do in Plane Geometry. However, quiet meditation, combined with the lively functioning of a seventeen year old girl's mind, proved to us that the appreciation of the real things of God and life equals the sum of individual good will aid the carrying out of the religious principles inculcated in our hearts by the good Fathers and Sisters.

And now, our Senior year, is almost over. We have passed over that child-like sophistication which was over four years ago, and we have taken on the simplicity of true Children of Mary. We owe much to Sacred Heart Academy. We are proud of our Class, our School and ourselves. We are ready to go out on the stage of life—some will go to college, others to business, and to various walks of life. Whatever the future holds in store for us, these past four years have bound us so closely together that there will never be a night in our lives when we do not get down on our knees and whisper, "God bless Sacred Heart Academy—God bless that Class of '33."

—Teresa Doyle



LIBRARY AND READING-ROOM

Women Have To Know

(Class Prophecy)

Looking back o'er the past, many centuries ago,
To the days when ice-cream was made out of snow,
We find there existed 'mong races of men,
The same causes which now move many a pen,
To write.

And among these causes in days long ago,
Curiosity was found by a man named Joe,
He wrapped it up in—I think cellophane,
Which surely you know was invented by Cain,
Abel's brother.

Curiosity was divided into various forms;
The kind that wonders 'bout eclipses and storms
And the kind that we know has driven men mad,
And the sort we are surely so glad can be had,
Only by women.

But turning the pages to our own modern times,
Some wonder as we try to compose these few rimes,
What the future holds in store for our girls,
What will be places they take in worlds
Unknown.

I know—and being of true Christian heart,
Will tell you the story of every part,
To be played in that strife—the so-called unknown,
Which to us is as plain as the old corn pone
Of the past.

There's Doyle—Teresa—a cloistered nun,
Admired by all and envied by some,
Her smile is there too—even now 'tis not rare
She teaches us all if we would banish care
We should smile.

And Sassy—that vivacious, care-free Marie,
Even then, just as now, she's slow as can be,
And she's lazy too, but with heart of gold,
She radiates the sunshine, which cheered many a soul
At S. H. A.

I wait just a moment, and then I see Gert,
She's seated in a rocker, just mending a shirt,
She always was known as "the ideal wife,"
In the sphere which to most is the finest life,
That of matrimony.

Katherine Ford, I see, and she's silent as ever,
 I see two places for her, and do not know whether
 To tell of the job, or to tell of her man,
 He's the boy we used tease about—the one named Dan,
 Back at school.

Little Viv Frierson in whom we take pride,
 For Viv's the consoler of those who have tried,
 Her disposition is bright, she's the life of the place,
 Wherever you need her she's there with good grace,
 To console.

And now that these secrets to you I enfold,
 And these girls as they will be, you do behold,
 I know you will be most happy to see
 Them not as they now are, but what they will be
 Later on.

I know that you by their work are inspired,
 But I'd better stop before you get tired,
 No matter what happens the good Senior Class
 Will be successes, Gert, Viv, and Sass
 And Teresa and Katherine.

—Rebecca Grimes



SCENES HERE AND THERE

The Class Will

We, the class of 1933, being of sound mind and good judgment, do hereby make the following bequests:

I, Gertrude Field will to Harriett, ere I depart
My stylish appearance, and tender heart.
To Jessie my love for a mystery story
Hoping it will bring her a great deal of glory.
Margaret Seagren will be the partaker,
Of all my charms, for I'm a heart breaker.
To Ann Mason who loves me indeed,
My bed making fondness, and my dashing speed.

I Teresa Doyle, do now hereby render
To Nancy my figure so tall and so slender.
To Margaret Middleton who is known to all,
I leave my appetite which is very small.
To Nancy Underwood my musical gift,
Hoping her success will be very swift.
To Annie Martinez my long curly locks,
My personal fouts, and my basketball socks.

I, Marie Saseen, think it my duty,
To leave Cletus Waechter, my striking blonde beauty.
To Rebecca Grimes who at times giggles so,
My knowledge of Chemistry which is H₂O.
To Margreta Gollner, my voice soft and low,
And my reputation for never being slow.
To Carrie Keenan before I take flight,
My love for hard study and ability to write.

I, Vivian Frierson, from my little nook,
Leave Sara Sanders my love for a book.
To Helen Lewis from whom nothing is hid,
My knowledge of Algebra, and love for Euclid.
To Edith Adams may she get a thrill
Vamping the boys by my eye rolling skill.
To Harriett I leave the source of all joys,
My marvelous dignity and avoirdupois.

I, Katherine Ford, do hereby profess,
To leave Mildred Harris my vivaciousness.
My acrobating dancing to Nancy Jane Ball,
May she do the handspring and not have a fall.
To Sara I will my love to impart,
The news that's so dear to every girl's heart.

Given under our hand and seal this fourth day of June in the year of our Lord, nineteen hundred thirty-three.

—Katherine Ford.

If I Were A Freshman Again

(The Reminiscences of a Graduate)

In every rhetoric book one finds that the subjunctive is the weakest mood. Weak, because it suggests supposition, unstableness, and lack of foundation. Those things are true. However, maybe the subjunctive mood, even in its suppositional sense, can be used to some advantage.

Suppose I were a Freshman again. What should I do? Still, suppose I were a Freshman again and were back at S. H. A.? Very probably, my life would be altered to a great extent. We all agree that a "Freshie" is a "thing" which has to be contended with, in every walk of life. But, back to the subject, what should I do?

The chance once given,—at the outset, I would probably seize the opportunity to begin anew. I should walk with that sophisticated air which suggests stately Seniors. Certainly, I would say "It is I" instead of "It is me." Then too, I should act in a more dignified manner at the bridge table. I should not talk about my partner because she raised me without an outside ace. Social life at S. H. A. would mean more to me. I should try to establish lasting friendships, thereby creating that congeniality which is so necessary for a happy school-life. My education would be imbibed indoors and out,—athletics would mean more to me. I should go out for all the teams, because the school code gives me that advantage of becoming a fitting person, mentally and bodily. My fellow-students,—I should remember that a school should be like a family. We should expect quarrels and differences, but at the crucial time, we should express in unison the bond that joins school-comrades. To the sisters, my teachers, I should give the proper respect. I should realize that although their work is done with a supernatural motive, nevertheless, they always remain human beings, and I should not expect them to do everything perfectly.

But, what would be my spiritual attitude if I were given another chance? I know now that I should pray to God—should pray fervently and often. I should remember that faith is a gift, and that I am expected to do more than my duty. How should I pray for graces if I did not have a spiritual store-house? To do otherwise would be presumption, surely a deadly sin.

I should not talk too much. Loquaciousness is the external sign of a novice, a person in the primary stages of a new life. If one wants to know how to operate an airplane let him or her be sure to ask a person who has never been "up." True, I should find how to spend my leisure time to its greatest advantage. After all, I certainly wasted time when I was a Freshman. I should be modest—I've learned that quietness always attracts attention.

Certainly, I should study—not merely memorize lessons for Sister Whoever She Might Be, but I should employ my knowledge in comparisons with every-day life. I should read good wholesome books—not magazines about

movie heroes and heroines, but solid, substantial material. It is not necessary to say that I should be neat at all times—we all know that. But, to mingle with that neatness of finery, I should acquire a "neat" disposition. By that I mean my disposition should be uniform and consistent.

All this advice is good. But in me there is a personality that I prize highly my greatest gift from God. I want to be MYSELF. The mere fact that I realize now the things that should be done, proves that my years have been worth while. If, from now on, I strive mightily to keep in the path that God has fixed for me, then my strivings have been worth while. If I would do all the things I should do, I would be perfect,—if I do all the things that are natural to me, always combined with a sound appreciation of primary ethics,—then I am happy. Therefore, if I were given the chance to be a Freshman again, I would always be "I." Certainly, if we all were consistently natural, that same naturalness would surely make this a better and happier world.

—Marie Sasssen



PRIVATE ROOM

The Under-Graduates



C. Keenan

N. Tatum

H. Lewis

R. Grimes

JUNIOR CLASS

President ----- Rebecca Grimes
 Secretary ----- Helen Lewis
 Colors ----- Green and White
 Flower ----- Daisy
 Motto ----- "Speech is Silver, Silence is Gold"

SOPHOMORE CLASS

President ----- Harriett Bush
 Secretary ----- Sara Sanders
 Colors ----- Violet
 Motto ----- "By Our Own Efforts We Hope to Rise"

FRESHMAN CLASS

President ----- Cletus Waechter
 Secretary ----- Margaret Middleton
 Colors ----- Pink and Blue
 Flower ----- Sweet Pea
 Motto ----- "Smile At Difficulties"





CHILDREN OF MARY

Marie Saseen
Vivian Frierson
Teresa Doyle
Gertrude Field
Helen Lewis
Carrie Keenan
Cletus Waechter

Margaret Middleton	Annie Elmore
Eileen Madden	Annie Martinez
Bridie Madden	Nancy Underwood
Frances Mason	Margaret Seagren
Ann Mason	Ruth Buxton
Mary Catherine Kabas	Helen Buxton



BRIDGE CLUB

Marie Sascen
Gertrude Field
Teresa Doyle
Vivian Frierson

Helen Lewis
Cletus Waechter
Rebecca Grimes

Harriett Bush
Carolyn Keenan
Sara Sanders



DEBATING SOCIETY

Teresa Doyle	Gertrude Field	Katherine Ford	Marie Saseen
Vivian Frierson	Helen Lewis	Nancy Tatum	Jessie Tatum
Rebecca Grimes	Carolyn Keenan	Mildred Harris	Sara Sanders
Margareta Gollner	Margaret Middleton	Cletus Waechter	Harriet Bush



B SHARP CLUB

President	Helen Lewis	
Secretary and Treasurer	Margareta Gollner	
Amy Holland	Nancy Underwood	Nell Wallace
Margaret Middleton	Bridie Madden	Edith Adams
Margaret A. Seagren	Annie Martinez	



BASKET BALL

WHITE TEAM:--Teresa Doyle (Captain), Vivian Frierson, Carolyn Keenan, Nancy Underwood, Edith Adams, Annie Martinez, Eileen Madden, Frances Mason.

BLUE TEAM:--Gertrude Field (Captain), Marie Saseen, Rebecca Grimes, Cletus Waechter, Margaret Ann Seagren, Ruth Buxton, Ann Mason, Delice Young.



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